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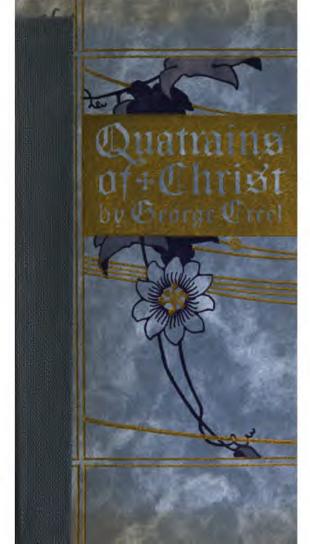
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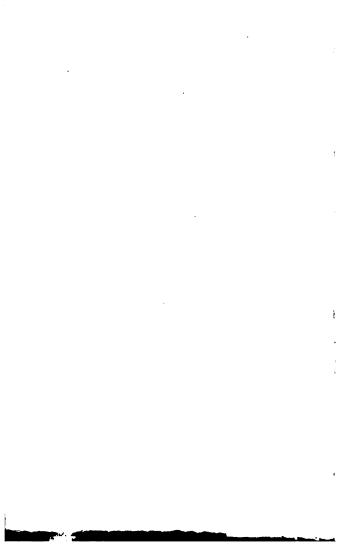


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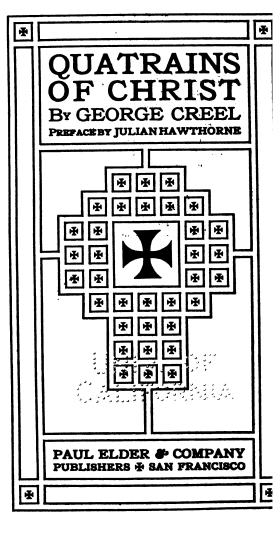






Univ. of California





Bend on this wonder world a clearer eye,
Hark closer to the soul's prophetic cry,
Thrill with the happy song of growing things,
And read the promise of the star-set sky.

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clandina

TO MY MOTHER WHOSE TENDER LOVE AND INSPIRING COMPANIONSHIP HAVE BEEN EVER PRESENT PROOFS OF GOD'S GOODNESS

.

T IS strange that the Christian world should have been in need of exactly such a book as this.—that after nineteen hundred years of Christianity we should lack a simple and straightforward reaffirmation of the truth of the Christian faith. Christ has been much patronized of late.—has been coupled in a sentence with Buddha and Confucius and other alleged saints and Messiahs of the past; but a man has been wanting to say that he is nothing less than God in the flesh,-Son of God as well as Son of man,—the Lord Incarnate, come to redeem us from our sins. Mr. George Creel comes forward to supply this deficiency; there is no evasion or compromise in his speech on the subject: his is the faith of the Early Christians, before the sectarians got to work on the plain-spoken, sublime records of the Divine Life on earth; he leaves scepticism on one side, and philosophy and the Higher Criticism on the other, and makes straight for his goal. His belief and testimony are as naif as that of a little child.—except we be as whom, we "can in now wise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." He has little concern with arguments: he appeals to the interior witness of the adoring heart. This is what the world needs, and no part of the world so much as that which calls itself Christian. His utterance is as free from the apologetic note as it is from acerbity and

₩

browbeating. He has felt the truth himself, deep down in his soul, and he cannot do otherwise than give it forth with all his soul and strength. He speaks not in contentiousness but in love. The living waters have touched his lips, and he longs to have others drink as he has drunk. He holds up the wonderful and radiant story before our eyes, and summons us to receive its glad tidings with worship and joy. The Lord has come down to earth: and through his lineaments, which we have mocked and disfigured, the light of His divinity shines unquenchable: and the very disfigurements are proof of the indwelling and emerging Perfection.

More than a thousand years after the Crucifixion, there was born in Nishapur, in the Far East, a gentle but cynical soul called Omar Khayyam. experience of life distilled itself in a sort of kindly pessimism, and was embodied in a series of quatrains which lived their day and were forgotten. until, fifty years ago, an Irishman of kindred culture and temperament translated and remoulded some of them into a subtle and musical poem which embodied the eloquent philosophic despair of the last century. But it was not till long after Edward FitzGerald's death that the genius of an American artist. Elihu Veddar, gave his verses fame and wide recognition. The Englished Rubaiyat has ever since been conspicuous on the drawing-room table of

culture here and in England, and sentimental women and self-indulgent men have echoed his stanzas whenever the roses of their hopes faded, or the pallor of their existence needed wine. the fire of spring," they murmur, "your winter garment of repentance fling"; adding that "The bird of life has but a little way to flutter—and the bird is on the wing!" It is a seductive strain. tending to disintegrate moral fibre, and by its attractive expression of a certain indolence of the modern mind, has perhaps done a good deal to discourage whatever remnants of virility were left in contemporary religious thought.

Mr. George Creel was therefore well inspired to attack the enemy on his own ground, and to fight him with his own weapon. The Quatrains of Christ are, in form, the Rubaiyat of Omar over again: but save that they are full of veritable poetry, they are as different from them in purpose and issue as light is different from shadow. are informed with the beautiful wholesomeness of youth, reverence and candor: and they seem to avenge us of the old adage that the Devil has all the good tunes, by embodying in the very lilt and measure of disbelief the fragrance and beauty of true doctrine. There is not throughout the entire little volume one moment of nasal pealmsinging and unctuous exhortation; but there is not a verse in it, either, that is not joyfully religious through and through, and that does not convey an

enthusiasm of conviction that is both instructive and contagious. Page after page is as though we were listening to Sir Galahad, pure in heart, as he sang in the forest, riding on his quest for the Holy Grail. And ever and anon the singer chants forth an actual phrase or figure from Old Omar, as though a new Moses were to transform the rods of Pharaoh's enchanters into hostile serpents to devour them. If humor were predicable of a poem so serious and vital in purpose as this, I should be disposed to think there was humor in these passages.

The interest in Creel's production, unlike Omar's or FitzGerald's, is continuous from page to page, instead of being confined to separate passages; so that though there is not, in strictness, either argument or narrative, there is a distinct thread of purpose and sentiment from end to end, which we follow with accumulating appreciation. The poet has read his Gospels with awakened and living insight; he has forgotten the commentators and the critics. and gives us the freshness and sweetness of the original story. He has kept it in his heart, and let it grow and fructify there. He has pondered longingly over the silence of the Gospel narratives as to the early boyhood of the Saviour:-

[&]quot;Did Mary's arms turn childish griefs to

Or did His holy mission make Him miss The happiness of youth's abandonings, The magic solace of a mother's kiss?"

But he will not repine because no answer is returned to his listening ear. The loving heart can surmise truths which history dare not disclose; and he will listen to his heart.—

" * * * for as we see
A child, locked in, leap up when it may be
The watched-for, longed-for loved one
comes at last,
So does it leap, O Lord, to welcome

thee!"

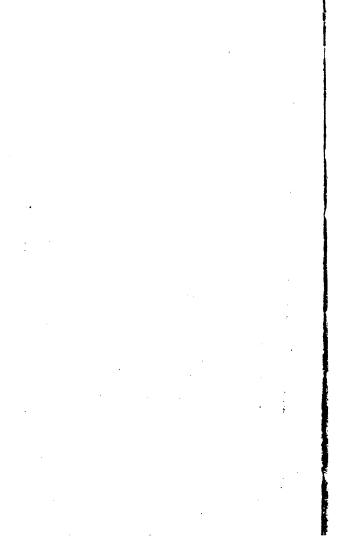
And it suffices to be assured that the Divine mission was fulfilled:—

"The worm within each rose's heart was curled Until Thy mystic might at Nain hurled Death's menace back upon itself and

stilled
The immemorial wailing of the world."

I must remember that I am writing not a review but a preface; but what I have instanced will not forestall the reader's pleasure or his interest. He will read this little book not once nor twice only, but will make it his own. It is a new thing in literature; but its appeal is to something deeper in man than the literary sense; it deals with an immortal theme, and shines with the reflection of the joyful dignity thereof.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.







HIH

OME, strike thy harp's most high, exultant string, Until its golden ecstasy shall ring

To very Heaven: thence flaming down the dark,

Shall thrill dead souls to new, sweet blossoming.

WIIA

GAIN a Star dawns in the Eastern sky,
Again the startled shepherd lifts his cry,

As waking from his midnight sleep, he sees

The camels of the Wise Men sweeping by.

承III 承

HE years have worked their measure of decay.
Where is the inn or stable?
Who can say

Who can say,
"This is the spot," or "There the
very place

Where Lord Christ came into the light of day"?





#IV#

O MORE chants Caiaphas his vengeful song, And scattered to the wind is all the throng That clamored for Barabbas, only

held
In memory by reason of their
wrong.

₩V₩

HE weak-souled Pilate long
has passed away,
Great Cæsar, too, is now
obstructive clay,
Their mighty Rome forgotten

save as theme
To keep the grumbling schoolboy
from his play.

母 VI 母

UT still the sweet of frankincense and myrrh
Steals down the centuries,
and as it were
But yesterday, so sweet and new

it seems,

Did blessed Mary bear the Harbinger.





平VII中

UT yesterday that through
the stable gloom
Anangel shape, with drooping pity's plume,
Swept beaded anguish from the
Virgin's brow
That dewed sin-arid earth to vernal

That dewed sin-arid earth to vernal bloom.

₩VIII₩

HOU giv'st to each a priceless diadem
Of precious gifts, but, ah,
the fairest gem
Is that clear faith, O God, with
which we shrine
The miracle of far-off Bethlehem.

中IX中

YE, bless us so, and let it never be
Like tapestried romance men peer to see,
Or some old song with meaning half forgot,
That drowsychildren hear at grand-

That drowsychildren hear at grandsire's knee.





HXH

LWAYS with sense of vividness—with thrill Of things intensely present—may we still

Remember this: that human flesh and blood Were chosen to exemplify His will.

平XI中

UARD us from Habit's poppied charm, and let The lotus-laden flight of Time beget

No far-away, faint half-rememberings,

No spectral shadowing or silhouette.

HXII

HRINK not, but draw in wide-eyed wonder near Each incident in all the Christ career—

From birth to cross there were no veils or walls.

And nearer makes it dearer and more clear.





AXIIIA

VIRGIN, were thy young eyes unafraid,
Or didst thou shrink, sore startled and dismayed,

From that first mystic thrill when thou didst learn

God's precious Burden had on thee been laid?

小XIX

OUD sang the goldenthroated Cherubim, And all the wheeling hosts of Seraphim,

Whose flashing pinions ermined humble thatch.

And shot with fire the Heaven's sapphire rim.

₩XV₩

HAT must have been thy happy, sweet amaze To see the sudden aureate halo blaze,

And from the wide-flung gates of Paradise

Hear mighty harmonies of joyous praise.





HIVXH

WEREsweet if knowledge bridged the gap between Christ's manger cradle and that later scene — Companioned by the elders, gray

and grim—

Full-blossomed youth in favor and in mien.

₩XVII ₩

ID laughter bubble as He leapt and ran?
Was He as others ere His work began

Of lifting from the World its dole of doubt,

And making straight Salvation's tender plan?

₩XVIII₩

R WAS there hint of Pilate's fell decree,
The lonely horror of Gethsemane,

A prescience of thorny diadem, Or shadow from the hill of Calvary?





HXIXH

ID Mary's arms turn childish griefs to bliss? Or did His holy mission make Him miss

The happiness of youth's abandonings,

The magic solace of a mother's kiss?

HXXH

OR, given then the secret of those years,

Long lapse of stripling days undamped with tears,

I could come nearer to Him, and athrill.

Be quit forever of my awes and fears.

· A XXI A

AY, Lord, let this not give offense to Thee,
For if a passion for sheer nearness be

Aroused by those of earth, then how much more

When Thou art loved in such superb degree.





#XXII#

ERE thought of Thee doth pour into my veins
A leaping flame that burns the sullen stains

Of ain from out the broidered Cloth of Life.

Till the fair fabric white and gold remains.

₩XXIII ₩

HE marvel blaze that blinded raging Saul,
And held black Herod's savage soul in thrall—

That swept from Mary all her silks and shame

And ashed the splendor of her onyxed hall.

HXXIV

OW doth it rapture fancy and enchain Belief and love to marshal once again

The great, kaleidoscopic surge of men

Who felt that flame and followed in His train.





HVXX

ETHINK you of this following! No part
Gave all, nor class—as mountain torrents start
In spring, they poured from palace, tent and cot,
From sea and field, the desert and

#XXVI#

the mart.

IERCE Syrians, swart Punic chiefs, and bands Of blacks, grim Romans who in many lands

Had seen strange gods, Egyptians, fire-eyed Gauls,

Pale Greeks, and nomads yellowed with far sands.

#XXVII#

O HUGELY great the number, none can tell How many died in circus or in cell

For Him who was of their own day—and still

We yield to Controversy's wasting spell!



QUATRAINS

CHRIST



XXVIII

"OR Him who was of their own day!" Ah, there We have a sword, all reason-forged, to wear

And wield in swirling splendor when against

The Powers of the Dark we do and dare.

HXXIX

TS hilt star-studded by the mad array
Of gems that ransomed
Mary threw away,

The flaming, ravished jewels that were Saul's

When stricken cities knew his ruthless sway.

₩XXX₩

ND witnesses! Ah, there was Pilate's wife Who pleaded for the Galilean's life,

And tiger-hearted Herod, overawed,

Refused Christ Jesus to the headsman's knife.





HIXXXH

O, MARTYRS' blood cascades from ev'ry page
Of history, and Nero's demon rage
Still chills the heart—then shall

our voices rise,
And futile argument our minds engage?

₩XXXII ₩

S HOMING birds flee from the darkling West, As babes with thrusting lips seek mother breast, So do I turn to Thee, thou tender Christ.

My tear-scorched eyes asmile, my doubts at rest.

₩XXXIII₩

N LOVING Thee I seek not Logic's aid,
Nor do I ever ask to have displayed

Disrupted Science's confusing page,

O'er writ with guesses restless minds have made.





HVXXXIV

UT listen to my heart, for as we see
A child, locked in, leap up when it may be
The watched-for, longed-for loved one comes at last,
So does it leap, O Lord, to welcome Thee.

₩XXXV₩

EN sing of that they love, and so have sung In many ways since first the earth was young, So shall I then, in simple fashion, ease

A heart by lack of full confession wrung.

#IVXXX#

IMPLICITY! No other way is clear
That may, at end of all, bring pilgrims near
To Thee, O one white Flower swaying fair

Amid the blighted blooms of yesteryear.





₩XXXVII ₩

OR worship where pale priestesses supine
All bloodily adore some midnight shrine,

No mystic murmurings or strangled scream,

But sound of singing brook and whispering pine.

IIIVXXX#

HEN must the flame-eyed muse now strip, abashed, Of flowing, purpled splendors, jewel-splashed,

And take the narrow path in cooling white,

Her hair the maiden's way, and lily sashed.



remains.

QUATRAINS CHRIST



HXXXIX

HERE Alexander's steel with all its stains?
Attila's mace that crumbled haughty reigns?

Alaric's lance or Soldan's scimitar?

The Savior's fadeless palm alone

中XL中

PRINCE of Peace, Thy argent temple yields
Far richer spoils than e'er were brought on shields
From sack of Lydian metropolis,
Or plundering of prostrate Persia's fields.

中XLI中

HE ancient chains that
weighed a people down,
Oppression's dripping
sword, the prison gown
Of Opportunity, Injustice's red
scourge,
And Turney's green area inviting

And Tyranny's once awe-inspiring crown.





#XLII#

ND over all, like Paradisal snow,
The petals of Life's roses

The thorns turned pointless in Thy heart of hearts,

The blossom for Thy brothers here below.

HE wind that moaned an ancient pain away
Was soothed of all its sobs

and sick dismay—
Thou gav'st new courage to the
coward dawn

And glad triumphant guidons to the day.

OR fevered living, fret and pain the price,
Until the oil of Thy dear sacrifice

Assuaged, and smoothed a halcyon expanse To mirror the allure of Paradise.





HXLV

HE worm within each rose's heart was curled, Until Thy mystic might at Näin hurled
Death's menace back upon itself

and stilled
The immemorial wailing of the world.

AXLVI

AYHAP, when Twilight's sombre hosts parade, That Terror's tears will hail the hasting Shade—Believe it ancient weakness of the flesh—

My soul awaits Thy call all un-

#XLVII#

afraid.

UT will Thou not be tender of this fear,
As mothers comfort when the dark is near,
And while I huddle in the haunted gloom,

Throw wide the gate, and let Thy light appear.





HXLVIII

S IT too much to ask, or will Thy wrath
Be kindled by the creeping doubt that hath
Its way with flesh? Ah, no, the dying thief
Was fearful too, and Thou didst blaze his path.

HXLIXH

ND as I, kneeling, breathe my silent prayer, When weak of heart or weighted with despair, I think of how the faithful Simon once

Did help Thee, weary Christ, Thy cross to bear.

承上承

CRUEL cross and Calvary's wild stress!
A crown of thorns, a closing tomb, the press
Of traitor lips — what sorry gifts indeed
To counterpoise uppurchased hap-

To counterpoise unpurchased happiness!





ALIA

UT it is done! The strange exchange is made!
Salvation is for all, the price is paid—

So let us, shriven and consoled, abide

In meek acceptance of the gracious trade.

承LII 承

OT thoughtless joy, nor yet the thoughtless tear, Not brazen forwardness nor shrinking fear,

But aye serene in perfect confidence

Of marshalled love and mercy ever near.

掛LIII 掛

ET was Thy disappointment with its tears,
But one finds not that anywhere appears
Grim Melancholy as Thy chosen friend,
Or sordid Gloom as master of Thy

years.





#LIV#

O LET us never be afraid to rise In sure aloofness from

among the eyes

That shut to light and beauty, and all blind,

Invoke a broken Christ with sobs and sighs.

サレV中

ULL oft must Thou have paused in greening dale, And, seeing soul-white blossoms grow less pale

Beneath a young sun's shy caress, thrilled deep.

And prayed of God that loveliness prevail.

HLVIH

ARTH heard and hid her scars at Thy command, Threw viny mantles o'er the unrich land,

Flung flowers to the waste, and palms and springs

Companioned to redeem the desert's sand.





#LVII#

ND, O love exquisite! Thou hast the rose,
The swaying fragrance of the garden close,
Stand forth as fair, renewing

Stand forth as fair, renewing monuments,

To mark where clean hearts find a brief repose.

ALVIII

EAR Nazarene, Thou art the soul and source Of all true joy. I will myself divorce

From gloom, and Death shall hear a happy song

When he shall reach me in his sombre course.

ALIXA

H,SWEET the world since
to Thy tender breast
Thou gathered all that
darkened and oppressed,
And breathing it with beauty and
delight

Pursued Thy way to Calvary's sad rest.





中LX中

HAT madness then to seek
what He hath ta'en,
To lift the cup of bitter
wine and drain
Its dregs, or grope to find the

crown of thorns,

All drunkenly infatuate with pain.

小LXI小

WEET Jesus, never let me be afraid To sing my love in lilting

strain, nor swayed

By such as have no heart for
happiness.

And build their altars in Golgotha's shade.

#LXII#

IS good to read the written tale of those
Who shared His triumphs and condoled His woes,
And mark the joyousness of simple faith

That 'lumes the rigor of the gospel prose.





#LXIII#

HAT better if their words fell soft as lace
On silken breasts? Or that they had the grace
Of sylvan silhouettes? A finer mesh
Would not enhance Truth's never-

#LXIV#

aging face.

S MOTHER countries send a guarded fire To light a newland's altars, O Desire Of all the World, flame in sad souls a flare

Of faith from off Thy Pentecostal pyre.





The News, and wag their heads in owlish doubt

Of great Jehovah's all-embracing scheme

Because there is a Door they stand without.

₩LXVI

ONTENT are we, the children of His hand,
To watch and wait, nor blatantly demand,
Assured that in His own good time He will
Unlock the Door, and let us under-

stand.

ITH all the wonder of the world before
Our eyes, His love unfolding more and more,
Shall we not grown the Miracle of

Shall we not grasp the Miracle of Life,

Ere thronging fierce and clamant at the Door?





#LXVIII#

HAVE no gift to see bevond the years. But when repentance came with helpful tears

Dear Faith accompanied, and has remained

To guard my soul against recurring fears.

ALXIX

OO much of rain may fall and rot the vine. A drought burn bare the field, the first-born pine, Disaster raze the House of Happiness.

Small things to match against the Plan divine.

ALXX

HEN sleeps the trusting soul in sweet content, Faith marshaling its dreams, and all unrent By warring doubts and mad unrests, then why Awake and plunge it into vain fer-

ment?





#LXXI#

HAOS first reigned. Did star call unto star,
The seas select their beds, and from afar

The worlds assemble to assign their swings,

Or did a Master place them as they are?

中LXXII 中

ND if 'twas God that entered brooding Space,
And gave to everything a plan and place,

Was it achildishgame He stooped to play,

And, having played, then turned away His face?

ALXXIII

HE queenly seasons, flashingly arrayed,
In tuneful, circumstantial pomp parade.

And on the carpet-stretch of splendid days,

The varied wonders of the world are laid.





#LXXIV#

HE singing soul's insistent, yearning strain
Tells immortality, yet are there vain

And insolent demands for guarantee

That we shall come to live and love again.

中LXXV 中

IS of His wisdom that He does not set
Ungrateful doubts at rest, else would we let
Mad passions loose, and scornful of this life,
Give over to neglect and evil fret.

₩LXXVI

HINK you that He who wakes the vernal seed From where it sleeps with death beneath the mead,

Will coldly let His imaged children sink

To nothingness, and pay no further heed?





ALXXVII

ODAY will Yesterday's rare rose entomb,
Ah, yes, but where a hint

of final doom?

Some rest, the trumpet call, a judgment passed,

And then Tomorrow's new and richer bloom.

ALXXVIII

HAT mad pretense it is that fails to hear
The symphony of suns, and

when through the joyous lilt of growing things,

The testimony of the sea comes clear.

ALXXIX &

and sap. The whole
of nature races to an unseen goal,
Where God, the Master of the

Games, hath hung
The high incentive of a human
soul.





#LXXX#

KNOW that many are the tales they tell
Of fearful flames in an enduring hell.

But ever have they failed to terrify.

So powerful Creation's tender spell.

中LXXXI中

HE Hand that wrought
with such a sure intent,
And half of Heaven's
hoarded beauty spent
Upon the world, could never
clench to strike,
Or hurl a sightless soul to punish-

Or hurl a sightless soul to punishment.

ALXXXII

HE message of a day is altered by
The thoughts of those that pass it on, then why
Assume God's word uncolored and unchanged

By all His messengers since Sinai?





#LXXXIII#

Y PATHS of peril, agony and shame,
Past coupled menaces of sword and flame,

Through wolf-fanged centuries that howled their hate—
Twas in such way the holy message came.

REAT souls who suffered

silently, and yet
What blame to them if all
the hate they met
Bit passion deep, and charged
their carried words
With less of gentleness and more
of threat?

ALXXXV

UT let it pass. This night a moon shall rise To paint a pledge of peace upon the skies,

And with the splendor of the morning come

A reassuring sun to kiss our eyes.





#LXXXVI#

HE west-wind Ariels shall gaily spill
Earth's chaliced charm, and quickened by the shrill
Sweet bugles of the dawn, sweep

swiftly on
To fret the frondage of the dreaming hill.

♣LXXXVII♣

ND ere the burning noon shall faint and fail
A joy-mad lark shall brave the higher gale

To sing his love, and jealously efface

The echoed mem'ries of the nightingale.

₩LXXXVIII

WORLDofbeauty! World of charm! Wherenaught Is left to vagrant chance, or ever brought

To drear misuse by dearth of tenderness,

Or e'er a second's lack of loving thought.





ALXXXIX

oRD, dost offend, this simple, hackneyed strain
In pointed praise of that which should be plain

This poor attempt to garland crumbling phrase, Somewhat of charm and newness

Somewhat of charm and newness to attain?

小XC小

LET me take the world's old worn-out tongue
And crush it to the vague from which it sprung,
Then fashion from the inarticulate,

New songs to vary those that have been sung.

中XCI 中

ET is it not the singer nor the song,
But faith alone—so Ignor-

ance's long

Monotonies may vie with jeweled
psalm.

And echo in Thine ear as clear and strong?





#XCII#

ULL oft from out the pleasure groves that lie
About the Vineyard comes the taunting cry,
"Why toil ye through the pleasant days, O Fools?

Hast ever yet beheld the Master's eye?"

₩XCIII ₩

H, SWEET the luring shade at noontide's heat, With garland-weaving Phyllis near, and sweet The lulling song, the heart-compelling pipe,

The rhythmic twinkling of the





#XCIV#

HEY chant the sun, the rose; and dreamy-eyed, Sing sultans, beauty, wine, the pomp and pride

That ever tends on Pleasure's golden court.

Till simple Faith seems very poor beside.

HXCV

ND soft as flower-petals Chloe's breast,

Its creamy charm alluringly confessed —

Aye, soft as blossoms in a prince's keep,

Slave-watched, and by Hyblean winds caressed.

#XCVI#

UT solemn night descends upon the play, In crashing discord ends the roundelay—

On Chloe's chilling breast the roses droop,

And Phyllis sorrows for the vanished day.





#XCVII#

HE night that frightens idlers brings me peace,
The dusk that scatters them marks my release,
And so throughout the day I toil content,

Until the Amiliable signal of sur

Until the twilight's signal of surcease.

₩XCVIII ₩

HE Vineyard hath its heat and hurt, and thin
My cheeks with tears, but what a goal to win!
And there are Jordan's banks all soft with shade,
And Kedron's flow to lave the body in.

HXCIXH

IS written so upon the world's great crest,
A million things in Nature all attest

A perfect law of balance which makes clear

That only those who work shall know His rest.





₩C₩

IN may with gorgeousness conceal its dole,
And gloriously garb the body's whole

In dream-born tissues soft as Circe's lips,

But only faith can ornament the soul.

₩ CI ₩

FINER savor has the beaded brine
That drops from brow to lip than idle wine,

And dearer far the laurel's sober leaves

Than gaily flaunting garlands from the vine.

₩CII ₩

O HOLD thy soul to faithfulness, nor yet

The ends and purposes of toil forget,

But through the day keep thou thine eyes in love

On that dear Heaven where God's throne is set.





CIII

OR some, eyes hard upon the little place They plot and potter in, ne'er raise a face, Until Death's heavy hand arouses

them Tocringe before an undreamt, greater space.

CIV

HE Pearl of Peace cannot be bought by strands Of gems, or treasure gathered from far lands—
Remember Simon Magus failed to buy
God's gift from Philip of the Blessed Hands.

#CV#

ALVATION has no price, but all must ask Who would receive the boon, nor wear a mask To shield the shame and evil in their eyes, And hide a face unbronzed by

worthy task.





CVI

E ARE what God has made us," is the cry Of greatest vogue—the fool's excuse, the sigh Of those who dwell in weakness, or the call
Of reckless souls who openly defy.

ACVII

OD gave us mind and will; we are the free Unfettered masters of our destiny,

And not as He did make us will He judge,

But as His Word has meant that we should be.

₩CVIII

UCCESS in myriad degree and grade
Will gather there, but be ye unafraid,

For He hath witnessed all, and will reward

Not by exploits, but by the effort made.





丹 CIX 丹

HE fevered throng infrequently condoles
With effort-filled defeat,
yet aureoles
Unfair success, but God's dear
mercy makes

All well within the Marketplace of Souls.

中CX 中

OD'S mercy! 'Tis the level where agree
The rich, the poor, the fettered and the free,

And where the slave's entreaty rings as clear

As some imposing Sultan's haughty plea.

中CXI 中

OD'S marketplace! Where subtly swift and strange The values of this sorry world all change,

So that the widow's mite will buy far more Than all the wealth of Ophir's golden range.





中CXII中

HAT marvel, with it all so clear and straight,
That there be argument,
high-pitched debate.
Dark misconceptions bred in angry hearts,

And swirling mists of controversial hate.

中CXIII 中

HUS, awe-struck and a fraid, some fear God's grace, And, crouching, cringing, fulsomely abase
Themselves, while others scorn the bended knee,
And harden eyes to look Him in the face.

₩CXIV₩

E MOULDED suns, and fashioned seas and land, He gave us life, and with His mighty hand Arched Heaven over all, then sent His Son

To consummate the scheme His love had planned.





#CXV#

SON all reft of princely circumstance,
Those glories that the kingly lot enhance,

And sent along the way of sacrifice,

A path that took no heed of change or chance.

中CXVI中

ND that the humblest might not miss the clue, Denied the royal birth that was His due,

Delivered by a Virgin in the dark,

Her bed of pain the straw the cattle knew.

₩CXVII₩

TRANGE, then, that with this beauty all about The shining path that points the one way out,

There should be unrequited wanderings—

Allurement in the sterile fields of Doubt.



QUATRAINS CHI DI CIT



#CXVIII#

HAT midnight madness not to understand,
To flee the happiness divinely planned,

And in some tangle mow a matted head.

And boast escape from Mercy's reaching hand.

母CXIX 母

ND strange that sons of Thomas still abide
With us on earth, and still the truth deride.

Because they cannot grasp His nail-torn hands

And see the blood gush from His pierced side.

中CXX中

SHAME of shames! The Wise Men saw on high God's guiding Star gleam in the Eastern Sky,

And straightway journeyed forth across the world,

With ne'er a question asked of Where or Why.



QUATRAINS



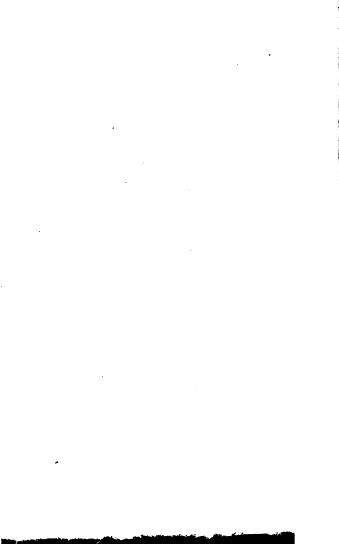
₩CXXI

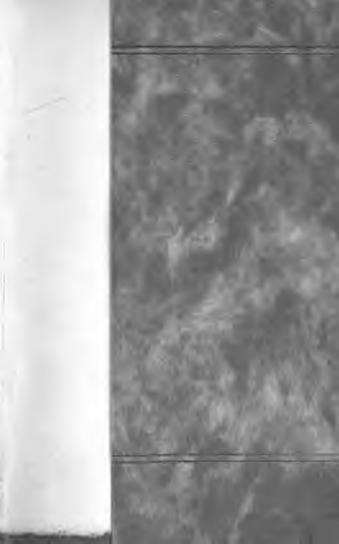
STAR, may thy blest radiance ever lend
Its glory to the Heavens that o'er us bend,
That it may guide us to that holy place

Where Christ awaits us at our Journey's end.

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